

ART. V.—THE NEW TUNE BOOK.

A Tune Book, proposed for the use of Congregations of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Compiled by a Committee appointed for the purpose by the House of Bishops. New York. 1859. Small 4to. pp. 376.

“Of making many books there is no end,” says The Preacher; and surely an “enraged Musician” may well covet a Hogarth’s pencil, with which to comment on this text, as he endeavors to show that *Books of Music* are especially intended in this announcement of the wise Solomon. And the cry is, “still they come,”—recommended to the notice of ambitious organists and quarreling choirs, eager for something new, by every variety of attraction, and every charm of originality. Old tunes, like old bonnets, must be discarded. “A new book, or we resign,” is the inexorable demand of the singers; and the sorely annoyed Rector, as he visits the city, inserts among his memoranda, “Get the latest Church Music Book.” And then the practisings and rehearsals! The scene on the succeeding Lord’s Day, when the enraptured choir sing and shout, in ascending and descending demisemiquavers, and excruciating trills long drawn out, reminds us of the story of good old Bishop Seabury and the country singing master, at Middletown, which we find told in Dr. Sprague’s clever volume, noticed in the last Number of our Review.

Is Sacred Music a farce? Are the performances of well-trained choirs, in our churches, to be in reality nothing more or less than cheap Operas, hebdomadal exhibitions of four or eight voices, who scream, and quaver, and trill, while we “miserable sinners,” who stand and listen, fear to open our mouths except in gaping astonishment? The performers are paid from fifty cents to twenty dollars per Sunday. The curtain is drawn. The actors take their places. The performances commence. Modern custom sanctions such a fearful travesty of true praise. No one, least of all the Rector, dares to demur, and too often, alas, Satan is unwittingly praised. This is no caricature. Is there then no relief? Must our Church Music remain as it is, a mere conventional ornament, or worse, a formal mockery? God forbid. Music is a power that alone can make many dry bones live. The Church everywhere needs it. It is an eloquence, which the young especially

feel and obey. It is an influence that can, if rightly appreciated and used, do much to awaken our American Church to the vigorous health and rapid growth of the early Church. Our position, therefore, is, that Congregational Singing is the only legitimate mode of praise for a Christian people assembled for Public Worship. And, by Congregational Singing, we mean such as the whole congregation can unite in, either audibly or with the silent melody of the heart. And because the latter of these two modes will appear, as we proceed, to be impracticable, we shall adopt and maintain the former.

The voice of history, as well as the testimony of common sense, will bear witness to the impregnable nature of our position. Old Tunes and old modes of singing, which "let all the people praise God," will appear to be equally pleasant and edifying.

Since the world began, wherever the hearts of men were made glad, there and then Music has asserted her right, as the handmaid of all prosperity, and the boon companion of true happiness. Even in Eden, our first parents must have given utterance to the unalloyed happiness of their lot in song. As Milton hath it,

"Neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker in fit strains, pronounced or sung,
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp,
To add more sweetness."

(Par. Lost, B. iv.)

The brief mention of Jubal as the "Father of all such as handle the harp and organ," (Gen. iv, 21,) contains the sum total of our knowledge of antediluvian Music. But this primeval Harpist and Organist surely did not compose a choir of *one*, for he was "אֵבֶל" "Father of many." May we not, therefore, fairly infer that in those days of wonder, and of corruption, and of "giants in the land, melodious harps and powerful instruments were played as necessary concomitants to the feasts and sacred ceremonies, when *men* (not a well balanced quartette) "began to call on the name of the Lord" in praise as well as in prayer. Six hundred years after the Flood, as we learn from the reproach of Laban to Jacob, it was customary for whole families to celebrate any joyful event with "mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." (Gen. xxxi, 27.) Even children participated, as Job answers to Zophar, "They take the timbrel and harp, and they rejoice at the sound of the organ." (Job xxi, 12.) The application of

such a scriptural as well as historical argument to the matter in hand is too obvious for comment.

Many centuries after, we are introduced to the first specimen of a choral hymn, either in profane or sacred history. It was sung antiphonally by "Moses and the children of Israel," on the one hand, and by "Miriam and *all* the women," on the other, accompanied by instruments. The jealous cultivation of Music by the Egyptian Priests, and the high veneration of it by the accomplished Greek, who, like the Jew, confined its use exclusively to sacred ceremonies, are other world-wide witnesses to the majesty, and power, and venerated grandeur of this now comparatively degraded art. We meet with signal instances of the Divine approval of congregational singing, in the song of Jehoshaphat, "and every man of Judah and Jerusalem, with psalteries, and harps, and trumpets," in the Valley of Berachah, (2 Chron. xx, 27 and 28;) and also, in the sublime ascriptions of "all them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthan, with their sons and their brethren," at the consecration of Solomon's Temple. "Then," continues the sacred historian, "as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound, the cloud," mysterious symbol of God's glory, "filled the house," so that "the priests could not stand."

With holy joy and loftiest inspiration, does the sweet singer of Israel write songs for a world. He appoints, as leaders of the congregation, "Jeiel, with instruments of psalteries and harps;" "Asaph, to sound cymbals;" "Benaiah and Jahaziel, the Priests, with trumpets continually before the Ark of the Lord," (1 Chron. xvi, 4.) And these well-selected bands were not only a large congregation, but led the congregation. Now where are the successors of these men? Are they among those who retail snatches from the last Opera, as fit preface to the awe-inspiring words, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple?" Are they among those ambitious, we had almost said sacrilegious, organists, who strike up "Robert le Diable" as sufficiently exulting accompaniment to the fearful Trisagion? We trow not.

With what a beautiful simplicity does the inspired evangelist write of that solemn hour when the Last Supper was eaten;—"And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives." St. James advises, "Is *any*, (not the choir,) but is *any* jocund of heart, let him sing Psalms." This Apostolic permission for "any" to sing is utterly vetoed by the modern, most unapostolic, usages of the Churches. And another Apostle commands, "teach and admonish one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs." What con-

gregation, we ask, is not guilty of a total neglect of this plain command.

Scattered notices, here and there, in the writings of the Fathers, show that this consentaneous teaching of Prophet and Apostle, to the mighty influence of united voices, was not forgotten. Even Philo, who wrote at the commencement of the Christian Era, describing the early Christian assemblies, says, "They then chanted Hymns in honor of God, composed in different measures and modulations, now, singing together, and now, answering each other by turns." St. Augustine, A. D. 395, writes of the Ambrosian chant: "unbelievers were won by it, and the common people captivated." Socrates, in the fifth century, testifies "that the holy martyr, Ignatius, on his journey to Rome, introduced the custom of Antiphonal singing which prevailed in Antioch." St. Chrysostom, A. D. 400, preaches, "God has joined music with worship that we might, with cheerfulness and readiness of mind, express His praise in Sacred Hymns." Again, in his homily on the First Corinthians, he writes, " $\varepsilon\tau\alpha\lambda\omegaν πάντες κοινῆ$." And again, preaching from the 145th Psalm, he declares, "women and men, old men and children, differ in sex and age, but they differ not in the harmony of singing hymns; for the Spirit tempers all their voices together, making one melody of them all." Eusebius, speaking of the consecration of Churches during the reign of Constantine, says, that "there was one common consent in chanting forth the praises of God; youths and virgins, old men and maidens, sung Psalms."

But Sacred Music appears to have reached a culmination in the days of Gregory the Great. Hildebrand increased the Ecclesiastical modes from four to eight. He adopted and improved the Roman character, instead of the Greek. He introduced a new species of chanting, termed, from its gravity, "Canto Fermo," and thus sacrificed fearlessly mere effect and pagan parade to seemly concord and solemnity. His life and labors mark an epoch in this art; and to-day the Gregorian Chants bid fair to supersede all others, by reason of the simple grandeur of their harmony and their peculiar appropriateness to our Services.

Soon after Gregory's time, the blighting influence of Papal corruption began to take effect even upon music. It was employed, not to elevate the heart to Heaven, but as a mere Ecclesiastical machine, abstruse, inexpressive, meaningless. Every kingdom under the spiritual dominion of the Pope was more or less affected by it. The venerable Bede, however, says, "Our British ancestors heard St. Germanus

sing, many years prior to St. Austin," and St. Dunstan is spoken of as presenting many Churches with organs.

But, at the Reformation, this almost fatal wedlock of music with error was put asunder. The invention of printing most opportunely seconded the emancipation of mind. In the reign of Henry VIII, the only change made was the application of Music to English words. Still the great intricacy of the prevailing style remained, so that, in the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, A. D. 1536, a protestation was addressed to the king against "the Fautes and Abuses of Religion," in which they declare that "synging is but roryng, howling, whystling, conjuring, jogelyng, and a foolish vanite." Who has not heard a performance of which this protest is no caricature?

During the reign of Edward VI, metrical Psalmody was introduced into England. The University of Oxford so far favored music, as to give it permanent establishment, and conferred a degree of D. M. upon Hambois. Queen Elizabeth encouraged it, and in her injunction to the Clergy, "she willeth and comandeth that there may be a modest and distinct song, so used in the Church service, that the same may be plainly understood." Tallis and Bird, the Fathers of English Church Music, flourished in her reign. Calvin, Beza, Knox, Zuingle, but especially Luther, were strenuous in advocating congregational singing. The famous Chorales of Luther are said to have aided the Reformation more effectively than all his sermons put together. And, Luther says in his plain strong way, "I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that next to Divinity, no art is comparable with Music;" and again, "we know that music is intolerable to demons."

In the year 1551, Roger Ascham writes from Augsburg, "three or four thousand singing at a time in this city, is but a trifle." Beza writes much the same of the Huguenots of Paris. About the same time, Bishop Jewell wrote to Peter Martyr, "A change now appears visible among the people, which nothing promotes more than the inciting them to sing Psalms; sometimes, at St. Paul's cross, there will be six thousand singing together." Surely this energizing element of the great Reformation is needed, wherever men are to be turned from the error of their ways. Thomas Mace, a quaint clerk of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives an account of "the excellent singing of Psalms in York Cathedral, when cannon balls from Cromwell's army were flying around—when the vast concording unity of the whole congregational chorus came, as I may say, thundering in, even so it made the very ground shake under us. Oh, the unutterable ravishing soul's delight!"

The course of history now brings us to the era of Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Bach, and Beethoven; whose magnificent genius laid the foundation of all succeeding compositions, and elevated their art to the highest pitch of refinement. These men were the exponents, in a great degree, of the popular taste in their day. But their sublime compositions are in a dead language, to the mass of men in our time. And these facts prove the decay of their lofty art, and also, that if we would restore music to its ancient glory, we must begin with the people. Handel must have an appreciative audience. Mozart and Beethoven are not for deaf and dumb congregations. If therefore we would have true and laudable congregational singing, we must in every way popularize music. Increase musical taste, not only on artistic considerations, but on the highest religious, moral, and social grounds. Let there be singing at home, and singing in all our schools, until it becomes a habit. In the reciprocation of musical influences, all classes will be led to a higher appreciation of the art; and thus only can any true proficiency be attained. How, in part, this popularizing process may be undertaken, will presently appear.

But, to return from this digression. From the days of Handel and Mozart, the superiority of Sacred Music must date its declension. Now and then the taste of *ἱ πᾶν* asks for an Oratorio; but fashion and wealth patronize only the opera, or the ballad singer. From the congregation Music has been excluded, by the supposed difficulty of its acquisition. Proud First Trebles, guttural Bassos, booming organs that drown all other sounds—these alone praise God, in the degraded and despoiled beauty of holiness. Machinery has usurped the place of genius. Vocabularies are exhausted to supply even names for the new tunes; and, alas! *salaries*, not *grateful hearts*, are the miserable inspiration.

Where, we ask, is the only real power of Sacred Music to-day? It is to be found, chiefly, in the Methodist Prayer Meeting, or Revival, of which it is the main principle of life. The old tunes are not in the modern music books. They are handed down, like the most precious heir-looms, in the sweet lullabies around our cradles. Occasionally a very bold choir ventures to sing one at the risk of its reputation, especially if some plagiarizing composer has so re-arranged and spoiled it, that it sounds as much like Yankee Doodle as Old Hundred. Now, in the name of thousands who feel and know that praise is as essential an act of true worship as prayer, what is to be done?

We recommend the full Choral Service, says one. But this is an absolute impossibility in every Village Church. For the Choral Service, with its essential accuracy of intonation, its

distinct yet rolling pronunciation, its true rhythm, and faultless accent, is the very highest ideal of Sacred Musical Art. The best trained choirs, and the most practised congregations of our country, fail to do more than experiment upon it. And besides, the degraded taste and the faulty conception of true praise of any congregation, will not abide it at present. To enter therefore upon this perfection of Sacred Music, at once, and in the present state of the Art, in our country, is simply absurd. It is beginning with a chorus of Aeschylus before one can spell Greek. We have heard it attempted in a small country Church. Our ears tingle to this day with the jangle. It was bedlam let loose. It was horrible discord blown out of sharp Yankee noses. And yet we hope to see the day when those sublime "Amens," of the English Cathedral Service, which so powerfully stir the depths of every soul who hears them, shall stir ours. We are all acquainted with the candid confession of a distinguished dissenting clergyman to their power. Bishop DeLancy writes of a Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, "The voices of the people almost overpowered the immense organ. It was a majestic sound. Such an Amen I never heard. It was the Falls of Niagara reverberating the praises of God. It carried me forward to what St. John says, 'A voice came out of the throne saying, praise God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great; and I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'"

Unison, a word that tells the secret might of all true Congregational Singing, is the predominant feature of Choral Singing.

"All warbling of one song, all of one key,
As if their hands, their sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate."

And singing in unison is a perpetual singing-school of the highest order. Imitation comes to the aid of each pupil. Evil habits of pronunciation and accent are at once recognized and checked, and the cultivation and taste of the more studious and refined powerfully influence the less favored or the careless. Melody, not harmony, prevails, and so Art at last triumphs. The great mistake of modern attempts to improve sacred music, is in this confusion and actual preference of Harmony to Melody, and consequently we are further from Choral-singing now than ever. And, the more harmonious we grow, the less melodious we are. It is putting the cart before the horse. It is attempting to dance before creeping. For harmony is the difficult combination of many melodies. Learn

the alphabet then, before you try to spell. The day will then speedily come when we may occasionally rise above the solid monotone and the ever mighty unison of a whole congregation, (singing chorally,) to that variety and to those inspirations of lofty genius which belong only to the beauty of enrapt holiness. The soul may soar away from earth *alone*, (for companions must of necessity be few in this work-day generation,) on the "gigantic masses of sound" of Handel, or the descriptive strains of Haydn. It may revel in the "melting pathos" of Young Bellini, and find its full expression, as the "melancholy grandeur" of Beethoven swells through dim Gothic vaults, and stirs up the deepest waters of its innermost being.

But all this only proves the power of music. It is the privilege of the few; and therefore not to be sought after at first for congregational use. It is the Jacob's Ladder on which no unhallowed foot may step. Snatcham choirs—ambitious Prima Donnas, "procul! O, procul! este profani,"—for these wonders of genius echo only through the dim Cathedral vaults. That is the only earthly home of these great master-pieces. And music is one of the things that

— "by season seasoned are,
To their right use and true perfection."

Adaptation, correspondence, suitableness; these are characteristics of all good music. It owes its power as much to moral as to harmonious qualities, and when, therefore, melody and harmony are in a jumble, and when what is adventitious is entirely merged in what is intrinsic, the essential properties of all Music are negatived. It is a miserable failure. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*: i. e., don't allow the penny whistler to blow a Double Bass Trombone.

But harmony pays. The endless supply of "New Tune Books" proves this. So do quack medicines pay. But if we are ever to have a restoration of the Art of Music; books of new harmonies must be placed on the Index Expurgatorius, unless there be some royal road to learning. Such is the *sine qua non* of all true progress, according to the thorough Church musicians of later time, such as Dr. Crotch, McFarren of London, Albrechtsberger, Marx, Fetis, Catel. "Must we have then no new Church Music?" asks Dr. Crotch. Yes, he replies, but no new style; nothing which recommends itself by novelty. Another careful writer on Music, doubts whether any new tunes of value can be written in these modern times; such is the limited compass and quality of the human voice and so few are the combinations that can possibly be made in four lines, which is but half a legitimate melody. The success

of Dr. Hodges is only an exception which proves the rule. The *Stabat Mater*, the *Miserere*, the *Agnus Dei*, are the simple and endless themes of the old masters. They sought nothing new. And the popular ballad singers of the day soon exhaust themselves. But they require wonderful precision in their movement, and that rare perfection in harmony, on which their unabating success depends. Such familiarity and reiteration can alone give confidence in, and prevalence to, the strains of Luther, or Handel, or Pleyel.

But, it may be said, melodious rather than harmonious singing will starve hundreds who live by ever manufacturing cacophonous discord of new noises. And, besides, the Harmonists have so exterminated the Melodists, that to create a reversion in favor of melody would be a very rash undertaking. We know it. And those, who join the forlorn hope, and it may well be called so, must, like impetuous Hotspur, dare

“To dive into the bottom of a sea,
Where fathom line did never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned ‘melody’ by the locks.”

In the name of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, we cry, therefore, to the rescue. For the sake of one of the mightiest Arts which alone can give life to some of the driest bones, let us make an attempt to simplify, to expurgate, and, in short, to sing all together.

We come now to the “New Tune Book.” It is recommended as a powerful auxiliary in the contest. Shall we treat it as David did Saul’s armor? for we very much suspect and dislike its title, and the Church has not proved it. If experience be the lamp that guides her feet at all, then the Church never will approve of a book of “new tunes.” But the name of the “New Tune Book” is, we are happy to say, a misnomer. It is not a *new* Tune Book, as careful examination proves, although it is a new book. Old Hundred, St. Ann’s, Christmas, are there, and many a dearly loved melody besides. In fact, the only new composer of prominence has not injured, if he has not added to, the value of the work. St. Barnabas, one of his tunes, has the true ring of that marvelous style which prevailed just before counterpoint was introduced. “Majesty” is, to our taste, not very majestic. As for “Pilgrim,” although far before other new aspirants for popular favor, still, we think, he had better “make tracks” and hide behind the “mountain” which is sufficiently rolling, and at the same time precipitous, for a safe retreat. We are surfeited with original tunes. “Non omnia possumus omnes.”

But the book is not to be treated as one of the weekly, or at least monthly, issues of the musical press. It does not profess to be, and it is not, an original production. It is a compilation, as the preface declares, from such tunes as have been "long and deservedly loved in the assemblies of the Saints." It is true, and we are sorry for it, that many of our old favorites are not there; but many are; and certainly, amid the Babel of tunes, which throughout the country are appropriated to certain Hymns, it must be an impossibility to suit all. Uniformity in the use of a certain tune to a certain Hymn will be greatly aided by such an attempt as unquestionably this book is, and in no other way. The Church that we love, already sings "half in the speech of Ashdod." This book will help prevent any further encroachment. It is certainly a step, and a long one, in the right direction.

As for the selections of Chants, they are certainly very good. Sixteen of them are solid Gregorian; full of rich melody, and such as only improve upon using. Indeed, we consider the price of the book as very small, when lingering over the rolling harmonies of these eighty-eight Chants. But one of the recommendations of this work to universal notice, and cheap at three times the price of the book, is the list of suggestions prefixed to its tunes. It is admirable, and we trust will meet with the attention it deserves.

But yet all the Tune Books ever published will not make singers. By pampering an already bad taste, which, with an importunity, comparable only to the begging daughters of the Horseleech, cries ever "give, give," these new books spoil more singers than they make. The question is therefore still open, What is to be done to restore Sacred Music to its place of influence and power in our Services?

Let common sense attempt an answer. Public Worship is not worship in and for the public, from which even the most untutored soul is excluded. So says common sense. It may be worship for a cultivated dozen. Somebody may appreciate it. But it is in no sense public. And here we may as well toss a sop to all honest Cerberi, for they may growl; and we therefore allow that it is common sense, that if a musical taste were general, then, doubtless, all congregations would prefer to listen to a well trained choir. All could then praise God, "making melody in their hearts." And it would be Public Worship—the worship of the people. And there is still another reason why a well balanced Quartette would be superior to all others for an appreciative audience. Its performances would be the perfection of good taste, in its religious sense, we mean. The intellectual and the moral faculties

would harmoniously combine and strengthen each other. Singing would be more than singing. It would be adoration. But where is the congregation in our land, with one or two exceptions, that can be brought to feel and profit by the best efforts of a perfect choir ? and especially we would inquire, if a Quartette, or a gallery full of singers, can be found, who always or ever fulfill all the absolute requisitions of such as should worthily praise the King of kings for their fellow creatures ? And besides, the very essence of Public Worship is the expression of a common nature, and of common relations, and of common wants and destiny ; and because, therefore, music forms so large a part of our public Services, and because the most artistic songs of a group in the organ-loft or of one or two here and there in the audience, cannot be called public, we conclude, that our so called Public Worship is very private. "Let all the people, then, praise God." They cannot do it by proxy. They cannot do it, if they do not understand the tune or the style, any better than a docile papist can pray after the chanted Latin.

But it will be objected, that all the people cannot sing. This is but a half truth. For, that the mass of every congregation can sing, is proven in a variety of ways. The songs of our home demonstrate the contrary. We even laugh, cry and speak in music. A yawn, even, runs down a whole octave before it ceases. A question cannot be asked, without that change which musicians term a 5th, 6th and 8th. And visit any gathering of Christian people, and if perchance,

"Old Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or flowing Mear wakes up the soul,"

or the venerable "Old Hundredth" calls on all the earth to raise cheerful notes to God alone ; and at once the fact that everybody can sing, will be forever established. All are seen to have a free, hearty interest in it, and, such is the power of all voices combined, that each single voice is not heard even by itself. Thus all timidity or reluctance is unfelt ; and beside, there is no temptation to either vanity, or display, or criticism.

But it is again objected, that the clergyman cannot pitch a tune or sing a note to save his life. This is a whole truth. And unquestionably the cause of our present style of music is attributable, in no small degree, to the indifference, or the absolute ignorance of this mighty Art, on the part of those to whom alone its management is entrusted by the Church. "As with the priest, so with the people."

We presume not to dictate to our Ecclesiastical Superiors, and to the learned Trustees of our Theological Seminaries.

We would merely suggest, with the highest respect and with all due deference, that a Professor of this lofty Science be added to the present chairs; and that, in the devotions, as well as the instructions, of our seminaries, music have its proper place. Can we succeed with the people as we all desire, without this irresistible eloquence of Sacred Music? It powerfully idealizes all objects, and thus awakens an intenser consciousness of the might of those infinite truths which we would impress. It lifts the soul nearer Heaven. It rules its empire, the heart, as nothing else can. As earnest George Herbert sang:

“A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.”

But the fact is, we have all long felt as Gregory the Great is said to have done, “that there can be small increase among the lambs, and little praise among the sheep, till each priest can teach his own choir.” John, the Deacon, assures us that in his times,—he lived in the ninth century,—the whip, “flagellum ejus,” was preserved as a relic, with which Gregory was accustomed to correct his choir, “when they were out withal, and failed in the notes.” O! who has not longed for that whip,—to crack, at least? Burney, in his “Continental Tour,” says, “each Parish has a Cantor to teach singing and to direct the chorus, and every one can sing.” Why cannot we have our Cantores? Is it because we care nothing about sacred music among our people? “The true nature of Worship, the general principles which underlie it, and the best method of successfully accomplishing it, ought to be, and doubtless are, better understood by the clergyman than the musician, (says Richard S. Willis,) for the clergyman makes Worship his special study, while the musician makes music his chief care.” In short, the conception of Worship in many a conceited organist, is as true as was that of the painter, who, in giving the idea of that verse in the *TE DEUM*, “To Thee all Angels cry aloud,” represented the angelic choir in tears. Sebastopol will not yield without “God save the Queen.” The French “march to glory or the grave” at the inspiring measures of the *Marsellaise*. The Swiss soldier surrenders to the memorial song of his cottage home. Why, then, have we, soldiers of Christ, so few battle hymns with which to conquer? Is it not because Satan, clothed as an angel of light, has caused to be erected, at opposite ends of our Churches, a highly ornamented pulpit, and a very elevated organ-loft, in which alone the Supreme is very formally and most unworthily praised,—and where the people go to be entertained; that is, those who can afford to pay for it?

But we must for the present conclude. If we have derived any light from the pages of history, or if we have spoken according to the dictates of common sense and sound reason as to the power, and the eloquence, and the need of Sacred Music in Public Worship, we are content. We presume not to show, in a short Article like the present, how all these manifold evils, which we have considered, may be remedied. The subject is open for discussion. But perhaps the results of three years' experience in a Missionary Parish may not prove an unfitting conclusion to what we have said. The Sunday School children were gathered by the Rector, whose zeal, doubtless, far exceeded his science. He asked the scholars to open their Prayer-Books at the *Venite*. The Rector then sang, alone, to a very simple Gregorian tone, the first verse. The children caught the melody after a few repetitions, and without knowing one note from another, and in less than two months, the congregation would not have exchanged their music for the best salaried Quartette in the city. Many a rare old tune the children knew by ear, already, and they at once learned several others in the same way. Of course the choir were a little uneasy at first. But their thunder was already quietly stolen. They were invited to lead in antiphonal response to the children, and lo! the bugbear of prejudice and of apprehension was already vanquished. Now any choir of Christians will consent to this experiment to be made either by the Rector, or by some conciliatory assistant. And, if the choir be composed of any except Christians, especially if they are professional hirelings, taken from the halls of fashionable amusement and worldly pleasure, then how, in the name of our holy religion, can they praise, for us, HIM whom spotless angels ever call Holy, Holy, Holy!

And shall not that day be glorious, second only to that when the Holy Scriptures were made free to all, when all may go to God's House, not only to pray to Him, but to praise Him; when "young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord, for His name only is excellent and His praise above heaven and earth?" The taking preacher and the *Prima Donna* of the Opera will not then be the chief attractions of a merely æsthetic religion, as that of our day is becoming with an alarming rapidity. But Sacred Music will be restored to the people, from whom it has long been alienated. And when "all the people" are thus taught to praise God, then multitudes, whom no man can number, shall grow better prepared to sing at last the Song of the LAMB.

ART. VI.—THE REV. BIRD WILSON, D. D.*

To the departed, whatever may be his condition, it is of no consequence whether he is here remembered or forgotten. All such minor interests are lost in those which are infinitely greater. Multitudes of the most excellent ones of the earth have indeed left behind them no commemorative name. No marble monument, raising its lofty and magnificent front, proclaims to posterity their merited praise. But, which is vastly better, the influence of their practical virtues has left its enduring image and superscription on the improved state of society; and, which is most desirable of all, their names are written and stand out in bold relief in that Book of Life, which, in the great future day, shall be opened wide to the universe. Yet, even in this imperfect state, it is the order of Providence, that the memory of many a good man shall be preserved for the benefit of posterity, for the satisfaction of those who, in life, were his most intimate companions, and for a suitable reward of virtue; a reward the more agreeable, as dispensed not to the individual himself, but to his best and most worthy associates. The due commemoration of departed excellence is in itself proper, and has been practised in all ages and countries. In support of this action, which harmonizes with the laudable feelings of natural friendship, we have the weight of Scriptural example and positive authority. “Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning,” (Rom. xv, 4,) and therefore the character of Abraham, “the friend of God,” (2 Chron. xx, 7, Isa. xli, 8,) and of other ancient worthies, is held out by St. Paul, in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews, as an honorable attestation of excellence, and a perpetual example of religion and faith. True is the wise man’s saying, “The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot,” (Prov. x, 7;) and true also is the Psalmist’s declaration, “The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.” (Ps. cxii, 6.)

* We depart from our standing rule, in saying that the following tribute to the memory of one who fills a large place in the hearts of many of the Clergy and the Laity, is from the pen of his intimate friend and colleague, the venerable Professor of Biblical Learning, &c., in the General Theological Seminary, the Rev. SAMUEL H. TURNER, D. D.